

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

---

---

VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 6.

---

---

## A SOLITARY'S REQUEST.

---

Encircle not, O World, my soul with fetters!  
Thy venom'd sweetness, keep it for thy friends;  
Enticed by promises in golden letters  
I might select what in perdition ends.  
Thou art a cruel broker; all thy debtors  
Regret their youthful folly, though thou lendst  
On fairest interest, gratis e'en to betters.  
I scorn the favors, for thou but pretendst.

In undisturbed solitude no door  
Was needed to exclude an uncalled guest.  
That sweet contentment, happy peace of yore,  
Now errs a stranger, fled from out my breast.  
Wilt thou, O World, a similar peace restore,  
Or satisfy in part the soul's request?

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

---

### SOME HASTY VIEWS.

---

“Justly Caesar scorns the poet’s lays.  
It is to history he trusts for praise.”

The pages of history ever and anew attract my attention. It is a most pleasant and interesting study to enter into the spirit of ancient times when individuals astounded the world, though not gifted with greater faculties than men at present, but favored by chances; or to watch the competitive growth of nations, or the development of each nation separately.

History, “*res gestae et scientia rerum gestarum*”, or “a chronicle of day by day,” as Shakespeare would have it, represents the intellectual development of nations, taken from annals, biographies, memoirs, etc. To be complete the historian must insert the germ of fertility, a philosophical explanation, that it become fruit-bearing for the future and not prove a mere romance. Though purely scientific in method it should pursue a practical object as not only to gratify the reader’s curiosity about things of the past, but to modify also his view of the present and his forecast of the future. This results evidently from the short definition of the Ancients who called history the “*Magistra Vitae*,” or “philosophy in examples.”

The different fields of history in which the intellect is highly active, in which its development is strongest and universally felt, are religion, state, philosophy, art, and morals. A true

picture of their rise and growth, their effects and mutual relation must always be found in history.

The historian has, indeed, a hard task before him. What else is history but a beautiful combination of all the arts? Every faculty of the mind is called into play, and hence historians differ, if not in essence of thought at least in execution, as the faculties of the writer are perfected. "Histories," says Carlyle, "are as perfect as the historian is wise and gifted with an eye and a soul."

It seems strange that history needs must have a most prolific soil, for history will not pitch her tent but on such ground where a noble race is dwelling in a fertile land. We do not doubt the least that every nation of antiquity had its history, though it be but traditionary. The Egyptians and Persians had a very imperfect one. Even among the Jews, whose literature contains the greatest ideas a human mind can conceive, history could not reach equal perfection with poetry.

When Greece rose to notoriety Clio's sacred sons appeared simultaneously with the favorites of other muses and bravely kept step in the rapid march to perfection. A desirable rivalry, a wholesome emulation, and a just ambition spurred men of different callings. Not with undue enthusiasm did these Hellenes pursue their work, but among them reigned a well-balanced proportion of all powers of the soul and intellect: a Homer charmed the nation by his verse, Plato taught his philosophy, and Thucydides was to preserve from decay the remembrance of what their great men had accomplished.

The ancient Greeks cannot but elicit our admiration. Though the process of reduction (drawing from other writings, simplifying and condensing them) could not be applied by them, yet they wrote an accurate and true history that remains a model for ever. The fact that they wrote practical contemporaneous history may explain their gigantic efforts, for it is easier to describe recent and current events with more truthfulness than if the imagination and intellect must supply the missing links. But their great conciseness and the avoidance of superfluous details remain a secret to us if we remember that many of our modern historians take special delight in trivial incidents of least necessity.

Herodotus, "the Father of History," attained already high perfection. His mind was drawn to history by the immortal Homer and fructified by the acquaintance of Pericles and Sophocles. As he gained his matter from travels and trusty communication we cannot disclaim his truthfulness.

Thucydides carried Grecian history to its very zenith. Influenced by the philosophy of that time Thucydides compiled the first true and greatest history of antiquity and gave it a higher calling by adding new phases that distinguish history for ever from mere annals, memoirs, or romances. Like Herodotus he gives a true representation of events, but with this he does not rest content. His penetrating mind and critical acuteness enter into the causal connection of things, and elucidate the motives of actions. Truth and delicacy of character-sketches, enhanced by a well-considered imagery

distinguish the writings of Thucydides.

Xenophon, the third star in this constellation, shines yet with strong light but less brilliantly than the two preceding. A disciple of Socrates, he imbibed many qualities of his great master, which necessarily directed him to useful activity. Besides his historical collections he wrote various political, philosophical, and practical works, noted for clearness and beauty, wherefore posterity names him but the "Attic Bee." Though Xenophon strove to uphold the greatness of his people, the beautiful Grecian world was falling; swiftly it fell to pieces and neither philosopher nor poet could build it up again.

Out of the ruin of Grecian greatness rose the glory of Rome. A faithful scholar of the Greeks, Rome nursed her sons with poetry and history, for by the splendid examples of the Greeks and of their own ancestors the mind of the young Roman was to grow strong and vigorous. Rome, indeed, brought up fair sons who enriched the world with valuable treasures.

Livy, Sallust, and Caesar are generally ranked below Tacitus. Tacitus is compressed and thought-laden, often too brief and as historian inclined to dwell too long on the poetic side of history. His "Germania", a beautiful ethnological description, is the first history of Germans and Germany. Though some modern historians doubt the integrity of Tacitus, his writings are mostly considered a standard of truth. Tacitus strove diligently after truth but he often impaired it by beholding it with a prejudiced mind. That true

objectiveness between aversion and liking, the rarest and most valued gift of an historian, was unknown to him. His pathos, however, a real subjective warmth, leaves a lasting influence upon his readers. But even the strongest character cannot without great difficulty set aside impartiality. Though Tacitus could not divest himself entirely of prepossession, his characterization, his style, and essence are an admirable work, worthy of the great master.

Greece and Rome possessed, indeed, great historians but all the drawbacks obstructing the path to universal history confronted them. It was impossible for them to make this great conquest because they did not acknowledge the existence of one God nor the equality and common destiny of man. Neither was it within their reach to interpret the spiritual significance of life, as they commented but on tangible happenings, accepting "being" in its visible reality only.

As Rome's greatness vanished history fell into decay likewise. The Catholic Church was the only treasury that preserved remnants of valuable documents and works from destruction which was the fate not only of historical productions but of every literature. Not until the reign of Charlemagne could historic genius be roused to action again.

France was for many years to lead the intellectual world in literature, art, and history. French history, gathered and prepared by monks and jurists, was brought to a considerably fair standard by Duchesne, Mezeray, and Bossuet,

whom Voltaire and Montesquieu followed with a host of writers. But France was to rise higher yet under Guizot, Taine, Lavissee, etc., though that period was less thorough.

In England, after Milton and Clarendon had pointed out the way, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon carried history at once to its zenith; not only did they follow former methods but they opened a new art-school of history of which Mitfort, Macaulay, Ferguson, etc., were disciples.

For a long period history could not gain an independent standing in Germany, as it was made subservient to philology, jurisprudence, and even to theology. Leibnitz took the first decisive step for a regular method in history; but it was always yet inferior by far to the learned literature of France. Instead of aspiring to preeminence German authors were gathering material for a universal history to which no nation could lay claims. The works of Ranke were the first fruits of this maturing period.

The Grecian world was not to lie ruined forever; it built itself up again, and strange to say, on German grounds. The German mind is most akin to the old classics. The same Greece that had led Rome to its perfection conducted Germany to its greatness. It would lead too far to investigate further the active work of German historians, who formed separate schools or labored singly, entered every country and traversed all periods, who turned all phases of history to the public, combining French art with German thoroughness.

“It were better that all history ever written

were destroyed than for the world to lose Homer and Shakespeare." Is it necessary to enumerate the advantages of history for a defense? Admitting that "even historians take great liberties with facts" we witness in their writings the rise, growth, blossoming, and decay of generations and peoples. The noble and beautiful, the base and pernicious, triumphing truth and misleading error, are faithfully reflected on the pages of history. The dead of many centuries arise anew to our view; heroes accomplish their deeds of valor before our very eyes; the enthusiasm of orators and statesmen thrills again the heart with vehemence; the harps of immortal singers speak with the same soul-enlivening tone: the entire past becomes a grand theatre of the present. Who could yet wish that all history were unwritten?

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

---

#### CONTENTMENT.

---

The rivulet below its crystal coat  
Is singing gayly on;  
It dreams of flowers that on its waters float,  
Of merry birds at dawn.  
And many hearts in the turbid stream of life  
Seem sleeping, dead, and cold;  
But 'midst these waters flows through toil and strife  
Contentment, pure as gold.

---

## INNOCENCE.

O happy picture,—innocence asleep!

For such a slumb'ring child to me must seem  
That calmly rests, while playful sunbeams leap  
In through the window with their rosy light,  
Reflecting on the face that happy dream  
In which a child alone may yet delight.

What heav'nly happiness upon its face!

It smiles as if a choir of angels sang  
To satisfy that little soul with grace  
Of choicest blessings human hearts can hold.  
Arouse it not from dream with worldly clang,  
Nor touch the dew-decked flower with fingers cold!

O child, upon thy beautiful face I read

The memory of early vanished joy,  
That singly died and caused my heart to bleed.  
But Hope, directing me with tender hand,  
Grew slowly from the pleasures of the boy,  
And safely guides me to a better land.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.



### THE TELL-TALE DREAM.

---

SEVERAL years have already passed since the general rush to the Klondike gold-fields. Could that frigid territory narrate all the deeds perpetrated there, depict all the horrors and anxieties suffered, recount the privations and sicknesses endured, and enumerate the many almost superhuman labors, undertaken and accomplished for the sake of the yellow dust, the less ambitious minds would stand amazed in wondering astonishment at the daring spirits of those venturesome men. Many things are possible in this fair world. But the worst fate that can befall the brave hero of the far away gold-fields is that, when he has overcome triumphantly all perils and disasters, he falls a bloody victim by the villainous assassin's hand at the very threshold of his own sweet home, where loving parents, affectionate sisters, dear brothers, and kind friends hourly expect his arrival.

The cold January wind was playing freely with the icy treetops; it whistled shrill notes as it passed by the black chimneys and flew swiftly toward the western prairie. Thus his airy majesty was occupied on January 12, in Orangegrove, a prosperous city near the northern boundary of Illinois. The Richards' residence, a handsome modern building commodiously furnished, is located in the southern part of the town. There lives the respected family, blessed with all that can give felicity to this earthly life.

That frosty January night beheld the joyful household gathered around a bright blazing fire in the sitting-room, listening to the soldier father's tales of the Civil War. Hardly had he finished a detailed account of Gen. Pickett's tremendous charge on the Federal center at Gettysburg, where, whilst bravely defending the Stars and Stripes, he was wounded in the left arm on that bloody day, when suddenly the sound of the door-bell fell upon his ear. Edgar, a boy of twelve, answered the call. A messenger-boy handed him the following telegram:

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 12, 18—.

To J. D. Richards,  
Orangetown, Ill.

Arrived here safe this afternoon. Will be with you again in a few days.

Wm. Richards.

These glad tidings filled all hearts with joy. Would that it were in man's power to make it lasting!

William, the eldest son, had been absent, far away in those northern regions over two years in search of gold. Former dispatches had told the family that his arduous toils were not in vain. As a spring keeps a clock in motion so gladness set all inventive minds to work, each one making plans how to receive the long expected one in the most worthy and loving manner. Indeed, nothing was left undone to make the occasion a most happy one.

However sweet a joy may be, some sorrow will certainly be mingled with it; where the degree of happiness is all that can be wished for, there the cup of sorrow will be filled to the brim. While the Richards were quietly engaged in the execution of their pleasing task, the terrible demon of envy was inspiring a perverted mind with a cruel plot for their destruction. James Roberts, their neighbor's wayward son, too, had been in search of gold in the icy fields of Alaska; but through his own reckless carelessness he had returned home, a poor and forlorn wretch. William's grand success on the one hand, his own complete failure on the other, aroused in his corrupt heart a bitter hatred against the dearest friend of his boy-hood days. His humiliation was too deep for his proud spirit. A glowing envy was consuming his heart. A murderer's thoughts arose in his mind; he must have that treasure or die in the attempt. His resolution was formed; his plans were fixed: William shall not reach home alive.

From that day James could be seen at the depot awaiting the arrival of every train, that there would be no possibility for his unsuspecting victim to escape. In his overcoat pocket he carried a rope, at one end of which was a noose. He had chosen strangulation so as not to rouse the people by the noise of a shot or to stain himself with blood in the search; thus unseen and unsuspected he could easily make his escape.

Four days after the telegram had been received the evening fast mail, apparently running faster than the joy of an expecting family might

not be delayed, had on board the wished-for burden who carried about his person papers to the amount of \$10,000 and half a pound of the glittering metal in its crude state, the pleasant reward of two year's most difficult toil. At 3 A. M. the train rushed up to the depot. How William's emaciated face beamed with gladness and gratitude, when again his feet touched that well-known platform, was not left to man to tell. He had willingly accepted the golden opportunity, profited by it, and was satisfied.

He lingered not a moment in the waiting-room; but at once set out for home. Joyously he moved forward with his treasure near his heart. At each step the frozen snow greeted his return. Now he would think of his loved home, now breathe a grateful prayer to his Heavenly Father for having protected him so wonderfully in all perils and dangerous adventures.

The depraved James Roberts had been at the depot too that night. He saw William alight from the train and start for his home; he also knew that he would take Jefferson street as that was his nearest way. Immediately James hastened down a back street, stationing himself at the corner of Jefferson and Perry, he awaited William with the rope in his hands.

Unconscious of the lurking serpent William pursued his path calmly enjoying pleasant mental reveries. Suddenly he felt something about his neck. Before he could regain self-possession he lay on the snow with a murderer's lariat about his neck. At the first glance he recognized the

assailant, the dearest friend of his boyhood. This recognition only increased the bitter anguish of the last moment. It was a friend that struck. Utter a sound he could not; the merciless rope was too tight. The assassin aimed a ferocious blow at his temple and poor Williams' earthly race was run. He then rifled the victim, returned to the depot and boarded the four o'clock south bound train.

The consciousness of his hellish deed and extreme baseness gave no rest to his guilty soul. The victim's pale face left upturned on the icy street under the dimly flickering electric light continually haunted his demon-like spirit. Weariness and sleep finally overpowered the unhappy mortal; but his guilty conscience would not rest. Terrible remorse tormented his afflicted soul even in his sleep. Most cruel pictures passed before his dreaming mind; he saw himself the most abject of all human beings, a forsaken outlaw, a despised villain. In the bitterness of these mental agonies he cried aloud several times, "Yes, 'tis William Richards' pale face! I slew you! There I left you on the street! Away from me! Stare not so with those stony eyes! Why do you haunt me?"

In that same coach was a U. S. detective from St. Louis who, on the finding of William's corpse in the street the next morning, robbed and disfigured, had been ordered by telegraph to board that train in search of the thief and murderer. Hearing those words he arrested him immediately. The papers found on his person were sufficient to

prove his guilt. The same rope which he had used to perpetrate his foul crime was employed to expiate his guilt on the gibbet.

The keen sorrow of the Richards' family, when they learned that the dead man found in the frozen street was he whom they had so eagerly expected, defies description. He only who has had a dear friend and beheld him a corpse after an absence of many long years can in some measure draw a faint picture of that deep affliction.

All William's effects and money brought from the far North were, indeed, given to the bereft family but earthly goods cannot replace flesh and blood; they bring no consolation. There remained but one certain hope: we will meet again in Heaven.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

---

LINES.

---

Like birds, let grief and sorrow rest  
They chirp and laugh at sorrow  
And pine not for the morrow  
While buoyant life beats in their breast.

In sorrow's pangs hope be thy light;  
When clouds the stars conceal,  
Those rays that God reveal  
Will after storms be seen more bright.

Thy grief is not too great to bear,  
Thy woes are few and light,  
And pleasures great and bright:  
Thy manly heart will not despair.

P. A. K, '00.

OUR PATRON SAINT.  

---

O Joseph dear, upon thy patron-day  
We must with happy hearts rejoice,  
For when to thee we raise our voice  
Upon this day, and humbly to thee pray  
Thou wilt not spurn us from thy shrine;  
Discouraged not by glory thine,  
Thy lowly life makes bold our lay.

O humble son of David's royal line,  
Despising earth's renown and fame  
As bubbles bearing blessing's name,  
More noble is that humble robe of thine,  
Humility, the virtues' queen;  
A greater king than earth has seen,  
Thou hopest for, for him dost pine.

But how can earth so sinful, 'midst despair  
Receive that glorious, heav'nly king  
Before whom saints and angels sing?  
Among all men oppressed and worn with care,  
O virgin mother's virgin spouse,  
And she select of God's own house,  
You can our blighted hopes repair.

For only on thy staff that lily grew  
Of richest perfume, purest dye;  
Thou wert elect by God's own eye  
To guide, protect that purest lily true,  
Thy God and son and Mary's son;  
Amongst all men thou art the one  
So pure, canst bring them honors due.

When first that heav'nly child, with tender hands,  
Upon thy arms, thy cheeks caressed  
And "father" first time thee addressed,

How great thy joy and peace! Though strange  
the lands  
And few thy willing, helping friends,  
A charm to all His presence lends  
And angels tread those desert sands.  
Thou didst protect Him in His youthful day  
From treach'rous death, the king's decree,  
But still His death thou shouldst not see,  
How sinners all their Lord and God betray;  
Too great for thee that sorrow's dart,  
Thy work is done and thou wilt part,  
Thy foster-son points out the way.  
With God to bless thee, be thy guiding light,  
Thou partest life, with God secure,  
For death is sweet when conscience's pure.  
Our way is steep and rugged, dark the night,  
And treach'rous are the seething waves;  
Be thou to us, the passions' slaves,  
When life does wane, a beacon-light.  
Our Alma Mater's patron, thou, O guide,  
Its labor and its honest zeal,  
The stores of knowledge to reveal,  
To be men's leader through a desert wide  
Of learning, faithless, false, untrue;  
Thy guidance she shall never rue  
For none in vain on thee relied.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

---

## THE EXCURSION.

---

Though Wordsworth lays no claim to so wide a range of enthusiastic admirers as some of his contemporaries, we must concede that his fame, as one of the brightest blossoms in British literature, is fixed. Nowhere, save in the "kingly wealth of Shakespeare," do we find such richness

of profound sentiments, so vast a mine of sound moral truths, and so clear and copious a fountain of noble aspirations, as in his writings. Of him, as of Caedmon of old, it may be said, that he received his poetry not from man, but from God, not directly, as the latter, but through the medium of nature.

Whilst for the most part every one of our poet's works is well conducted and betrays the highest sense of poetic truth, none better than his "Excursion" mirrors the bard's three distinguishing features, before which every appreciative mind must bow in reverence and admiration. These predominant characteristics are love for nature and the power to detect its hidden beauties, purity and subtilty of thought, great ability to rouse in man "the noblest incentives to faith" and the dignity of his calling. Such are the qualities brought to light in the "Philosophical Pastoral Poem," qualities, indeed, worthy of the poet, and the fruits of a "consecrated spirit," musing "on Nature, on Man, and on Human Life" in solitude where "fair trains of imagery" continually rise.

To Wordsworth nature was not a mere picture but a vital being proclaiming everywhere, even on "bare trees and mountains bare," the existence of a wise and bountiful God. Conversing with her

"his being became

Sublime and comprehensive: low desires,

Low thoughts had there no place":

communing with her he thought himself far hap-

pier than those "blessed with health and heart at ease." She reciprocally fettered him with the chains of purest affection, swallowed up his "animal being," and but justly made him her "living oracle" by entrusting him with the keys to the chamber of her treasures. How much the poet loved and esteemed the office as nature's "living oracle" is best set forth in his keen, untiring observation.

"Turn wheresoe'er we would he was a light  
Unfailing."

To him "the meanest flower" often provoked "thoughts that too often lie do deep for tears"; to him all things breathed immortality, and the most trivial of them appeared even great. He was convinced that

"To every form of being was assigned  
An active principal",

that God, a perfect Being, created nothing to which He did not impart a certain faculty with which things created must necessarily arrive at their final destiny. Hence it is gross injustice to undervalue Wordsworth's poetry and principally the "Excursion," maintaining that he dealt with common, trivial objects. It cannot be denied that outwardly the stately cedar, the lofty palace, the powerful monarch, convey to us sublimer thoughts than the humble grass-blade, the lowly hut, or the despised beggar: entering, however, their "active principal," their soul, all are alike; the lowest as well as the highest imbues us with the noblest sentiments, for the ultimate end of each is the greater honor and glory of God. Sad

to say this "active principal" pervading all nature has often been a stumbling-block to scientists, who do not see what lies beyond the common course of created things. They are

"from the breast  
Of the frail earth permitted to behold  
The faint reflections of thy—God's face,"

but their narrowmindedness forbids to acknowledge it, to realize that "science becomes only then profound when it penetrates moral life."

Wordsworth always attentive to nature's cheerful and instructive whispers could certainly not fail to imbibe pure and elevating thoughts. They are always

"Pleasant as roses in thickets blown  
And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves."

They are an outflow of calm conceptions gathered in the bustle of rural life, recalled, and scrupulously weighed in tranquility. Nothing could ever check his "finer spirits." Like the crystal waters of the "mountain infant crowned with flowerets and green herb," they gush forth from his bosom, overflow the broken heart; and soothe it with the thought that still

"one adequate support  
For the calamities of mortal life  
Exists—one only; an assured belief  
That the procession of our fate, howe'er  
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being  
Of infinite benevolence and power,  
Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
All accidents, converting them to good."

Such are the sentiments which the bard "scatters at our feet" whilst we walk at leisure with him through the humble sceneries put forth in the

“Excursion.” We continually feel their sweet influence, we are raised aloft, and gently drawn to fix

“A satisfying view upon that state.  
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness  
Which reason promises and holy writ  
Ensures to all believers.”

Our soul no longer seems to be confined to a frail body; despising earthly ease and commodities it bursts forth in ecstasy with the poet, saying—

“Come, disease and want  
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;  
But leave me unabated trust in thee—  
And let thy favor, to the end of life,  
Inspire me with ability to seek  
Repose and hope among eternal things—  
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,  
And will possess my portion in content.”

The bard in bidding us to fix a satisfying view upon God, our future happiness, and to beg of Him ability to seek repose and hope only among things eternal, with true insight reminds us

“that victory is most sure  
To him, who, seeking faith by virtues strives  
To yield entire submission to the law  
Of conscience.”

The argument of this is, that we cannot confidently address our Maker unless we obey his commandments.

No fair critic will deny that, in love for nature, in deep sentiments, and moral truths, the “Excursion” may justly demand a most conspicuous place in British literature. Like every other work of art, however, it, too, has its flaws and shortcomings. The scenes in which it is laid

change very little, and, consequently, cause monotony and even tameness. The descriptions, because most accurate, are tiresome and lack the sweet cadence of words, the "trade of classic niceties", which mark those of Tennyson. The latter not unfrequently describes objects with about as many words as Wordsworth would have needed lines. Similar to the whole Wordsworthian school, the poem in question savors somewhat of pedantry which, perhaps more than any other shortcoming, weakens the appreciation to which it is justly entitled.

Despite these blemishes, however, the "Excursion" compares fairly with the productions of any other Victorian poet, and entitles the author to share the laurels with his happy contemporaries. If, however, moral culture has a higher worth than "pretty ways of speaking", preference must be given to Wordsworth.

C. C. MOHR, '01.

---

### A MASTER OF STYLE AND THOUGHT.

---

The middle of the nineteenth century will be forever a joyous memory to the Catholic Church, and must always remain a proof of shallowness and insufficiency to the High Church of England. Within the short space of five years three bright minds found their fill in the true fold. Those were dark days for the Anglican church when its veil of hypocrisy was pierced by Newman, when the open dissensions of its members decided Man-

ning's final step, and when its doctrines could no longer quiet the nobler cravings of Faber. While, at the same time it remains a subject of joy for us that the Catholic Church sufficed a correct and deep philosophical mind, filled and inspired a poetic soul, and stilled a tender conscience.

Of these great men Newman had perhaps the greatest struggles to undergo before he entered the Church, not because it could not satisfy him but because he well understood the importance of the step. His reason must measure and fathom every undertaking. The Anglican church which he had faithfully trusted had proved unworthy; he must be cautious lest also the Roman Church play him false. The greater, however, the doubt before, the greater also afterwards the confidence and faith. As he had always worked faithfully, whatever he laid his hands on, he now proves of the greatest benefit to the Catholic Church in England. Great numbers follow his footsteps, indeed, he was the beginning of a great religious movement in England in favor of Rome.

Newman's was a manly character firm and strong. He follows his convictions to the end despite their demands being disagreeable to his person or to others. His reason guided by grace assures him when he does right, while Faber follows the light of conscience. The one is the tenderly loving poet of the soul, the other is the philosopher of its struggles. Both well knew the secret pangs of the soul because both passed through their stages. Faber's poetical and loving soul is mirrored in the hymns and sacred writings,

Newman has traced his religious career in his "Apologia pro Vita Sua."

We can readily see from this work the many disappointments a mind will meet with, that sincerely seeks the truth. Newman's mind can test, and thankful we must be that he was always guided by grace from above. The 'Apologia' is a history of his religious opinions and states the causes by which he was led to adopt such opinions. Newman was a religious man. From the early youth when he "used to wish the Arabian tales were true" until after his conversion when he says of himself, "I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never had one doubt," he was acting and working for religion. With many incidents from without influencing his religious career, with mental vigor, and divine grace, he is gradually led to the highest and only true religious worship. The great mind has found truth and rests in its possession.

There is none among our modern great writers who urges men on to nobler thoughts by his high intellectual standard than does Newman. He is preeminently a philosopher. It has been said of Ruskin that he urges "men to deeds, not dreams." It might be more truly said of Newman that he incites men to thoughts not dreams. Correct and noble thought, such as the true philosopher inspires, begets actions worthy of man. Here lies the reason why Newman is the most healthful reading and here is also found his superiority over Ruskin. The principles of the latter cannot always be endorsed by sound reason. Tennyson

already characterized him as "one who said many foolish things." However, let us be just and generous with Ruskin, he is always sincere and that is a great merit. If Newman is superior in thought Ruskin is superior in artistic style. In point of power and versatility Ruskin must, however, again yield to Newman.

Newman's versatility of mind makes him almost a standard on all subjects of interest, his views on education are especially valuable. His whole life was a continuous study. Before his entrance into the Catholic Church religion was his theme, after it he turns also to other subjects. At the time when the establishment of a Catholic university on the island was contemplated his "Idea of a University" was written.

Education without religion Newman declares to be an impossibility. Though the essence of a university is the "teaching of universal knowledge," this object cannot be fully attained "without the Church's assistance." She must be the restrictive power, lest the plant grow wild and produce warped and bitter fruits instead of delicious viands. And again, as religion must be the foundation of education, thus also the different branches of science modify each other and are subservient to each other. These relations must be upheld to produce the highest and true education, intellectual and moral training. This well-balanced, universal knowledge will produce in the mind a "habit of thought," as Newman calls it, whose "attributes are freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation, and wisdom." If such an

education were received, indeed, broad-minded and truly wise men would be more numerous.

The principles, whether moral or intellectual, of Newman are always true and well-founded and he can vest them in language that best conveys their whole import. Style is in some sense a picture of the mind, representing its principal characteristics. Carlyle's jogging sentences are true indices of his jarring and often uncouth sentiments, while the easy flow of Addison's lines prove his clearness of perception. This is also in a great measure true of Newman. His mind always seeking after truths when it has found them, rests in their clear understanding. His powerful intellect grapples with all difficulties and finds the right way through them. He, then, points out the correct way to his readers in a clear, concise, and powerful style. There is no mistaking his meaning, nor does he encumber his pages with useless brilliant phrases. Every sentence is made to convey a worthy thought, as the stem brings forth the flower. Newman is complete without being elaborate.

Newman can, however, also vary his style. He glides very easily, almost unnoticed from his most powerful expressions to an easy, colloquial style. His heart is ever in his work, and of whatever subject he writes, he feels all and this feeling is conveyed in his language. In his "Callista, a Tale of the Third Century", he has well shown how he can adopt his style to different characters. Callista from "clear, sweet, and sunny" Greece always speaks in light and musical tones proper

to her nation. She cannot love those men whose "hands are as black as brows, and smiles as treacherous as the adders of the wood," whose "very love is a furnace and their sole ecstasy revenge."

Though Newman claims it only as expressing "the mutual relations of Christians and heathens" it is more than that, it shows also the gradual workings of grace, which are unfailing to a docile heart. It is the "Apologia" of the early Christians. Wiseman had already written "Fabiola", the first sacred novel. Though this work may increase our love of studying early Christianity, we love its adherents almost as superior beings not subject to human frailties. Its heroes are almost angels, so bright a glow of grace has Wiseman diffused about them. To him, however, remains his merit, that he was the first to venture on this new field of literature. Newman's "Callista", Dorsey's "Palms" and many others of like nature followed his first outlines. These are the works that appeal more to the less educated class of people, and if they prevent them from reading the corrupt literature of our day, their good is inestimable.

Newman wrote for all classes of people. There is no more profitable and invigorating reading for the student than his "Grammar of Assent", none more suggestive to the teacher than his "Idea of University", none better for the average Catholic than "Callista". If we wish for history let us turn to his sketches, if for poetry let us read his "Dream of Gerontius", that deli-

cate bit of imagery. Wherever we view Newman, on the most varied subjects, "we find a grasp and treatment that make us feel we stand in the presence of a deep thinker, a lofty soul, a mind stored with marvellous wisdom, and enriched by the mellowed glow of a long and good life."

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

---

#### THE SOUL'S SOLILOQUY.

---

The heart's most fervent strains arrest  
My God. Depart not, heav'nly guest,  
Abide! The day is close its end.  
The ev'ning bells ring out and rend  
The breathless calm in Nature's hall  
Adorned with vernal roofs. The fall  
Of solitude spreads soothing veils  
O'er bleeding sorrow's broken tales.  
When Nature rests the spirit leaves  
His earthly quest. Is man that grieves  
To mar his higher flights? Conceit,  
That robs my joy, you must retreat  
And leave this breast! A peaceful night  
Dissolve thy pride, lead all aright!—  
A loving heart loves wholesome fear.—  
Like buds, more fair when spring is near,  
Thy virtues thrive. The eternal shore  
Will be thy home for ever more.

C. N. FAIST, '00.

---

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00, EDITOR.

THEODORE T. SAURER, '00, EXCHANGE EDITOR.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

I. RAPP, '00.	P. KANNEY, '00.
H. SEIFERLE, '01.	T. KRAMER, '01.
C. MOHR, '01.	D. NEUSCHWANGER, '01.
E. HEFELE, '01.	W. ARNOLD, '02.
J. MUTCH, '02.	J. WESSEL, '03.

EDITORIALS.

Our Columbian Literary Society clings to a very good standard. It is true, in former years we witnessed better debates, which fact speak most favorably for the younger society, since in a good debate the various powers of man find the best field for fair display. A splendid variety en-

hances our regular programs and it is gratifying to observe with what interest most members tend to their duties. Specially may the society feel proud of the recent success in rendering "William Tell". It was a worthy drama with which to crown the birthday of the Father of Our Country, the Champion of Liberty. Only a play that cries for liberty and independence could have graced the day. And where are these ideas expressed as nobly as in the drama "William Tell"?

I do not intend to flatter the society, nor would I deceive our alumni and exchanges by telling them that the rendition of "Tell" stands above criticism. Far from it. I even think that if a very critically acute mind would forward his sincere censure the participant members of the play might disapprove his opinion as harsh untruth. Last commencement we rendered Bulwer's "Richelieu". And by way of comparison, the best method of arriving at real worth, I may assuredly say that "Tell" outshines "Richelieu". Let the society evince equal zeal and interest for the future and a beautiful Shakespearean drama shall close and crown the scholastic year.

---

Wagner has already been decried as "a crazy man, with no expression in his compositions". Jealousy of incompetents is ever apt to hurl the basest falsehoods at a genius of universal esteem. Genius cannot be harmed; such endeavors only help to enter deeper into the secrets that lie yet hidden. Richard Wagner advanced Germany to the very first place in the rank of all nations, and

although worthy composers have risen since, the greatness of Wagner overshadows them all.

Music is a more unfailing index of a people's general character than literature, and genuine music raises a nation to greater preeminence than any other art, because it is the first of all arts, the most difficult to attain great perfection, and the most suggestive if carried to its real standard. Hence we find also a close relation between music and literature, but Euterpe is undoubtedly the special favorite of Apollo.

"Interest is education, and education is enjoyment", are remarkable words of Mendelssohn. Let us exchange subject for predicate in this sentence and say "enjoyment is education". This may then partly express the effects of music. But can it also be applied to our times? What are our so-called "popular airs", or poorly imitated classic gleanings, ground from a street piano? The first composers would blush on finding their conceptions so degraded. And I seriously doubt whether Palestrina would recognize his compositions rendered in churches, where brass instruments, violins, and worldly accompaniments drown the choir. A Mozart listening could not copy the composition as sung.

The mass will appreciate lively, pathetic, and forcible melodies by more signs of applause than a real classic rendition, which is but applauded because usage has it so, or etiquette requires it. The whining melodies of sentimentality never fail to create a manifold echo where nature is yet unrefined; but classic music, that speaks to the

heart and elevates it seems to be not for the majority of men. Only a select body can understand the deep meanings in music.

The greatest of arts is not supported as it deserves. A sonate of Beethoven receives the same applause as a salon piece, and more often less. Opera companies are discouraged because their best efforts and best singers meet but with slight appreciation. The cry for "popular music" increases daily, And what is the response to this cry? Clever heads compose a few lines to satisfy the mass and the way to classic perfection is never entered upon. If our country would create music in quality equal to its quantity, Germany would hold a doubtful position.

---

A more educated man, than the average class, who is not overburdened with necessary work, finds best recreation in lighter studies. Studies that serve this purpose are anthropology, biology, zoology, botany, histology, chemistry, and physics. The higher the object or the deeper its knowledge and thoughts, the more intense intellectual labor is required for a full comprehension of the subject. Literature, philosophy, etc., are studies that demand undivided attention, time, and mental exertion, for which reason they are no fitting occupation at spare moments.

We would spend many an hour in a more genial way if we had knowledge of the lowest scientific branches. Their study ought to be fundamental and thorough since it is a basis for higher departments. But generally such branches are

secondary or even entirely neglected. What wonder, then, that many never learn to think! A self-made man becomes rarer as books multiply.

“This substitution of fingers for the brain,” as a contemporary writer wisely observes, “has found its way not only into schools but also into colleges.” None of the above named branches are a necessary link to reach philosophy and theology, nor are they demanded for the clerical state. But in our times, when variety of learning abounds more than ever, a man making pretensions of a privileged education must sometimes blush if he is not well equipped in this department of science.

Our Holy Father well understands the spirit of the age, when he recommends and urges the study of natural sciences in all Catholic institutes.

The study of these sciences, the wonderful relationship and beautiful harmony in nature, excites a craving in our soul for a fuller comprehension, not only of these side-branches, but of other necessary sciences. Our mind adapts itself for the reception of higher things, toward which these natural studies direct it. Everything in nature is good. The good and useful, blended into one, constitute beauty. Why not love and embrace this whence our heart can draw great satisfaction?

Most of our American institutions differ yet widely from those of Europe. Slow progress leads to better results if the whole field is covered, than partial hurry. Business-like rush sways even our modes of education. But education stands

still on its primitive grounds, though greatly facilitated. Machines, however, cannot reach the mind. If this would work, American ingenuity would soon outrun European method. The great number of American young men attending European universities clearly proves that ability and good will is not wanting in our country. America is as fruitful in men of talent and genius as Europe; but whether Europe will ever look to America as the standard country of art-productions can only be answered in a distant future.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

---

#### BOOK NOTICE.

---

*The Stations of the Cross.* Among the many prayer books we deem this one deserving of special commendation. The manual is adapted for persons in any state of life, and must prove instructive and highly edifying to all who use it. It contains the way of the cross according to St. Alphonsus, St. Francis, and the Eucharistic method, ending with the Stabat Mater in Latin and English. Handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated it communicates strikingly those sacred truths of our Lord's passion, which every Catholic should know. The book must commend itself to all who become acquainted with it.

Benziger Bros. Price 50 cts.

E. H., '01.

---

---

EXCHANGES.

---

The "Educational Notes" in the *Fordham Monthly* are highly interesting and without doubt the most attractive feature of the February number. "Art and Religion" is the subject of a well planned essay, but the author too often resorts to arbitrary paragraphing, thus obscuring the unity of thought. The numerous contributions by junior students augur well for the future of the *Fordham Monthly*.

The Diary of Lieut. Hugh A. Drum in the *Xavier* proves interesting reading. "Reason and Method," though containing a few paradoxical ideas, is worth careful perusal. The style of this essay, as usual in such productions, suffers a little under the endeavors of the author to present a logical paper. "The Tone-Color of Poetry" is a concise and well written essay, setting forth in a few pages, what authors often tried to tell us in octavo volumes. The writer was very happy in the choice of the quotations which he adduces to illustrate his statements.—We were greatly disappointed not to receive the February number of the *Xavier*.

If the cover of the *St. Vincent Journal* would not at once recall a well known friend, we should hardly know the visitor containing the excellent essays "Four Stylists and Their Influence" and "Glimpses of Cardinal Wiseman". These articles are of such unusual merit that one is inclined to look for the authors among veteran literati rather than among beginners in the realms of letters.—

The defense of the existence of the mouse is a pleasant composition, but we fear the gentler sex will object to some of the writer's propositions. As we see from the March number of the *Journal* the ex-man is again falling into line. Welcome back, esteemed brother! But do not let that little fray over in Africa again deter you from keeping your resolution.

The historical essays in the *Abbey Student* are exhaustive treatments of their respective subjects. "England and the Magna Charta" is the best of the three essays in literary merit, though the author of the "Benedictines in England" is deserving of more praise for the perseverance and laborious research which the broad field he wished to cover necessitated. If the continuation of "A Reform in Life" comes up to the first installment, the story will be the best that has appeared on the pages of any college journal during the scholastic year. But now, kind brother, for the honor of your paper and the institution from which it hails we suggest that you either advertise for another exchange-editor, or discontinue your exchange-column. It is not our intention "to meddle with other people's business," but such savage outbursts and revengeful abuses, though you may deem them justified, cannot but lower you in the estimation of your contemporaries and bring disgrace upon college-journalism.

TH. A. SAURER, 'CO.

---

WILLIAM TELL.

---

The C. L. S. have at last broken their long silence. During the entire first session the lovers of dramatic art looked forward with expectation to behold some grand production on our stage. All hope seemed to be frustrated, but the old proverb, slow but sure, has been verified again. The time of apparent lethargy was well spent. The rendition of "William Tell" added to the Columbians' glittering crown of successes another bright gem that will vie with the success of "Richelieu". All who witnessed the performance left the college auditorium well satisfied, for they were assured that the evening of Washington's birthday could not have been spent in a more profitable, joyful, and entertaining manner. Thanks to the Rev. Moderator's, Father Benedict's, untiring efforts the play proved to be a grand success. Yet, we dare not be too lavish with our praises. There is still room for improvement; and had a few persons evinced more spirit and energy, made the same self-sacrificing and heroic efforts as did their director, the drama would have been many steps nearer perfection. Owing to the splendid work done by the majority of the actors success will by far more than balance slight defects in a fair-minded critic's scale. The frequent and prolonged applauses tell the story in the surest way.

In the audience that graced the occasion were

the Very Rev. Vicar-General, Father Guendling of Ft. Wayne; the Very Rev. J. H. Oechtering, the gifted composer of William Tell; and a number of other prominent clergymen of the diocese. Also many of our friends and well-known persons from the city favored our actors by their presence. The Rev. Author pronounced the interpretation given to the various characters the most perfect he had yet witnessed. All had only words of praise. For this we heartily thank the Rev. fathers and kind friends.

The drama could hardly have been otherwise than a great success. It describes the independence-struggle of an oppressed people. And who is a greater lover of liberty than the American youth? Every sentence and action of the beautiful drama speaks freely to his heart's love. The tyrannical Austrian vogts arouse his just indignation. It affects his freedom-loving sensibility all the more keenly as in these days he is surrounded on all sides by the plutocratic aggressions of ambitious rulers on their weaker neighbors. What the actor feels himself he cannot fail to put forth in such a light that the audience will fully appreciate his efforts. The story of Tell's trials and troubles is pleasing, be it read or acted.

Following is the cast of characters:

William Tell .....	I. Rapp
Walter Tell, his Son.....	J. Naughton
Walter Furst, Tell's Father-in-law .....	C. Faist
Stauffacher .....	W. Arnold
Hunn.....	P. Welsh
Old Melchthal ... ..	W. Hordeman
Young Melchthal .....	V. Schuette

Reding, Landamman .....	E. Hefe
Old Rudy, } Rudy, } Kuney, } Werner, }	Swiss Fishermen ..... { E. Werling M. Schmitter R. Stoltz P. Wahl
Baumgart, Fugitive.....	C. Mohr
Servant of Melchthal.....	J. Steinbrunner
Siegriest.....	H. Seiferle
Tenant .....	P. Welsh
Two Boys, Sons of Rudy.....	{ H. Hoerstman A. Schuette
Gessler, } Landenberg, }	Landvogts ..... { M. Koester D. Neuschwanger
Rudenz Attinghaus, Swiss Nobleman.....	J. Mutch
Rudolph Harras, Knight .....	P. Kanney
Dorner, Knight .....	S. Hartman
Louis, Page to Landenberg.....	G. Studer
Stussy, Hunter.....	M. Ehleringer
Swiss Servant .....	P. Wahl
First Soldier .....	B. Holler
Second Soldier.....	T. Sulzer

Mr. Rapp's appearance on the title-role was sufficient guarantee for a perfect success of the hero's part, and certainly he did not disappoint the audience. Mr. Rapp is, undoubtedly, the first actor in the college, and his praise has already found echoes far beyond the walls of our Alma Mater. On this occasion he added another bright star to the already brilliant crown of his dramatic accomplishments. Whenever cheers or applauses greeted the actors, Tell was sure to be a participant.

The personage of the cruel and ambitious Gessler was in very competent hands. It was Mr. Koester's first appearance and he has proven to be the newly found jewel of the season. The blood-thirsty wickedness of the character does

not presuppose sympathy. Mr. Koester succeeded in portraying Gessler in his ferocious boldness, cruelty, and haughtiness as history presents the tyrant, with such perfection that the audience felt relieved when the reality was ended by Tell's master-shot. Keep it up, Mr. Koester, we will be glad to hear from you again.

The part of Landenberg had not been placed amiss. Mr. Neuschwanger was up to his usual high standard, doing perfect justice to the character entrusted to him. Deserving of special notice are: Mr. Welsh, Mr. Hefelee, Mr. Hartman, and Mr. Mutch. To all other participants also part of the glory is due for the faithful work done.

With this successful production the C. L. S. showed that they are not yet a dead society, but able to act, and that, too, with credit to themselves and the institution that educates them.

We expect to witness similar plays, that crown the participants with glory and that redound to the honor of our moderator and the institute.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

---

### SOCIETY NOTES.

---

C. L. S. The newly elected officers of this society are: Pres., W. Hordeman; Vice Pres., C. Faist; Sec., J. Mutch; Treas., P. Staiert; Critic, I. Rapp; Marshal, H. Seiferle; Ex. Com., D. Neuschwanger, E. Ley, E. Hefelee.

The private program of Feb. 25, was the following: Indian Speech by A. LaMotte, interpreted by D. Neuschwanger; Debate, Resolved, that the

Negroes received worse treatment than the Indians from the Whites, Aff., S. Kremer, Neg., R. Monin; Recitations by E. Flaig, A. Schuette, and T. Sulzer. This program was very entertaining and reflects much credit upon the participants. We might make special mention of the speech delivered by Mr. LaMotte in his native language, the Indian tongue. Through the interpretation of Mr. Neuschwanger we learned that in his address he described Indian life at the time of our country's discovery and the unjust treatment of the race at present.

The society invested part of the money, which has increased considerably, to procure books. A committee selected and purchased a goodly number of books that will soon grace our library.

A. L. S. Sunday, March 4, the Aloysians again appeared behind the foot-lights, rendering the following program:

Music, Band; Declamation, The Perfect Orator, R. Goebel; Violin Trio, Prof. Hermmersbach, P. Staiert, E. Flaig; Poem, The Patter of the Shingle, E. Lonsway; Piano and Mandolin Duet, Prof. Hermmersbach, G. Arnold; Recitation, Bernardo del Carpio, W. F. Flaherty; Dialogue, Metaphysics, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt; Piano Duet, L. Dabbelt, A. Junk; Dialogue, Jones at the Barber-shop, A. Hepp, J. Buchman; Poem, Die Glocke, H. Metzdorf.

A First-class Hotel, a Farce in One Act.

Characters are the following:

Landlord ..... F. Theobald

Bulger, a Drummer.....L. Dabbelt  
Leggatt, Literary Man.....A. Kamm  
Schnell.....G. Arnold

This program reached the highest standard. The Aloysians and especially Father Hugo, under whose guidance the program was rehearsed, are to be congratulated upon their success. We hope that they will render another public program in the near future. J. MUTCH, '02.

---

### ATHLETICS.

---

Hip! Hip! Hurrah! for the "gym", and many thanks to the Rev. Faculty. We are now having a "gym" in the basement. By the untiring efforts of our prefect, Father Hugo, piece after piece was placed into the hall until the "gym" was complete. It is now the center of very much interest at St. Joseph's.

Students, it is your turn now. Bring yourselves to the front and show your athletic abilities. Do not stand in a corner like a "moke" and say "I can't" while the same ones always carry victory after victory. Join in, you will give them a warm race. With the hearty co-operation of every student at St. Joseph's athletics will have a bright future. J. W. W., '03.

---

---

LOCALS.

---

“Ho, there! how is skating?” Bruno (just emerging from the treacherous element) “a little wet.”

When boys see anything odd they are generally not slow in instituting comparisons. Thus when our former piccolo player charmed us with his ear-piercing thrills they could not help expressing their sorrow at the loss of superfluous wind, and one ingenious fellow was already contriving a mechanism for the purpose of utilizing it in some pneumatic squeezing apparatus. Another feature which set the boys' imagination to work was the odd position of one of our quondam cornet players, which always reminded them of Atlas carrying the globe on his shoulders. At present when they see our bass-violin player manipulate his instrument you may at times hear some one exclaim: “look at the dust fly,” and after he gets through the majority seek relief in a prolonged sigh, saying: “it's just like coming out of a sawmill.”

John came to the sickroom and asked for pills to remove the pimples from his neck.

Prof. “Why has bonnet the feminine gender?”  
P. Wahl: “Because it belongs to a lady.”

Cantus finds out every day more and more that after all there are some things forever beyond his aim, and these are—ducks.

“Willie are you going to town? Put on your

new gaiters, why d'ont you?" Willie, "why, a person can't see them anyhow, the snow is too deep."

"The Majority of our rising young men of today run elevators."

From the Rev. P. Joseph Sailer we acknowledge the receipt of a pair of Chinese slippers, exquisitely wrought and of a very peculiar shape. One would sooner take them for miniature boats than for human foot-gear. The Chinese must be of a very buoyant nature that they venture their trip through this world in slippers of that kind!

When Sylvester wishes to meditate on death he places himself in front of the electrocution-chair.

G. Studer came to the infirmary the other day complaining of violent headache. When the doctor inquired for the cause thereof, the patient declared that some one had put a pebble in his pillow which caused a fraction of some of his hair.

A delicious piece of candy and a report of a British defeat in South Africa have about the same effect with our loyal son of Hibernia, they both transport him into ecstasy. A. D. •

"Homer would be easy translating were it not for his feet." Sixtus.

It is customary that during our band rehearsals a short respite is now and then granted to the members. These intermissions, however, are not spent idly. Some of the boys use it for—cleaning flues—as they call it; others continue playing for themselves trying to smoothen some *rough* passages over which they had stumbled before, thus often producing a confusion of harmo-

nies and dissonances that would admirably express the destruction of Jericho. Any observing eye, however, is attracted by another feature of all-absorbing interest. No sooner does the music cease than Cyril takes his horn and subjects it to a series of ups and downs, rights and lefts, twists and shakes, for the purpose of expelling a certain fluid which for the want of an appropriate term, I would compare to the bilge-water of a ship. All his movements are executed with scrupulous exactness and and military precision, and the entire manœuvre is analogous to an intricate but brilliantly executed *manual without command*.

Sure enough, Geo. Arnold rests on broad and solid foundations, but put him on skates and he gets off his base in a second.

Mr. W. Hordeman's and his selected squad's raid through the premises and college halls on Washington's Birthday had at least one good result. It put a speedy end to the m—sles. Well, that was enough to exterminate anything!

We accuse the ancients of boastfulness in their writings, always pestering us with their monstrous *Ego*. But,—is it not perhaps the love of frankness and straightforwardness which prompted them to speak so undisguisedly about their—*de se ipso*—which is now condemned, but which the men of to-day fulminate the world abroad under the sheep's cloak of pretended humility.

Prof. "What is an explosive?" J. Hartman: "An explosive is something whose desire for expansion falls beyond the power of control as soon as it gets hot."

Says B. Ley: "Chemistry is a splendid study, there is at least something substantial about it. At any rate, when we decompose sugar the effects of which, besides giving the scientific results, leaves at the same time a residue which then becomes a matter of taste."

The difference between a Chinaman and a Japanese consists in this, that the tail of the former will cease to exist with his death, whereas that of the latter, with slight modifications, will go down into the annals of history.

There is one thing that always comes last, and not the most clever woman can get ahead of it—it is the echo.

The most necessary part on Boos' harness is the bridle.

After Adam came Eve, and woman has been after man ever since.

Ben thinks the safest lightning would be that which wouldn't easily catch fire.

Prof. "In what do animals differ from men?"  
P. Wahl: "It depends how far they are apart."

#### Ad Diversos.

There is peculiar kind of men  
Hitched on to such a narrow yoke.  
I dare not, will not further name them,  
They can't appreciate a joke.

One cannot know their proper stuff,  
Call them whatsoever you will;  
Just hint at them and they fly off,  
Whether Charly, Jim, Bill.

Are they zealous or fanatic?  
Piously inclined, or smart?  
Nay, but idiosyncratic;  
No cure for them in any art.  
They wear a stupid, serious look  
But 'neath the garb of gravity,  
Like in an ornamented book,  
There lurks their bald stupidity.

I. J. RAPP, '00.

### HONORARY MENTION.

---

#### FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

#### 95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, J. Buchman, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, C. Eder, C. Fischer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, A. Hepp, C. Hils, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, A. Kamm, W. Keilman, J. Lemper, E. Ley, A. McGill, J. Meyer, H. Metzendorf, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, J. Sanderell, M. Schumacher, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, G. Studer, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern, P. Welsh, E. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills.

#### 90-95 PER CENT.

H. Boos, C. Ellis, W. Flaherty, J. Hildebrand, A. Junk, E. Lonsway, J. Naughton, A. Roessner, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, J. Trentman, L. Wagner, P. Wahl.

## FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the last month. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent are found in the second paragraph.

## 90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, L. Dabbelt, J. Dabbelt, M. Ehleringer, H. Froning, R. Goebel, P. Hartman, S. Hartman, E. Hefelee, E. Hoffman, W. Hordeman, X. Jaeger, A. Koenig, S. Kremer, E. Ley, H. Metzdorf, C. Mohr, R. Monin, J. Mutch, D. Neuschwanger, C. Olberding, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, Z. Scheidler, A. Schuette, R. Schwieterman, H. Seiferle, J. Seitz, B. Staiert, F. Steinbrunner, J. Steinbrunner, J. Trentman, F. Wachendorfer, P. Wahl, E. Wills.

## 84-90 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, J. Braun, E. Cook, C. Fisher, W. Flaherty, E. Flaig, C. Grube, A. Hepp, C. Hils, B. Holler, L. Huber, A. Kamm, M. Koester, T. Kramer, J. Lemper, L. Linz, E. Lonsway, A. McGill, J. Meyer, S. Meyer, H. Muhler, M. Schumacher, V. Sibold, R. Stolz, I. Wagner, E. Werling.

---